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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1916.

SIXPENCE.

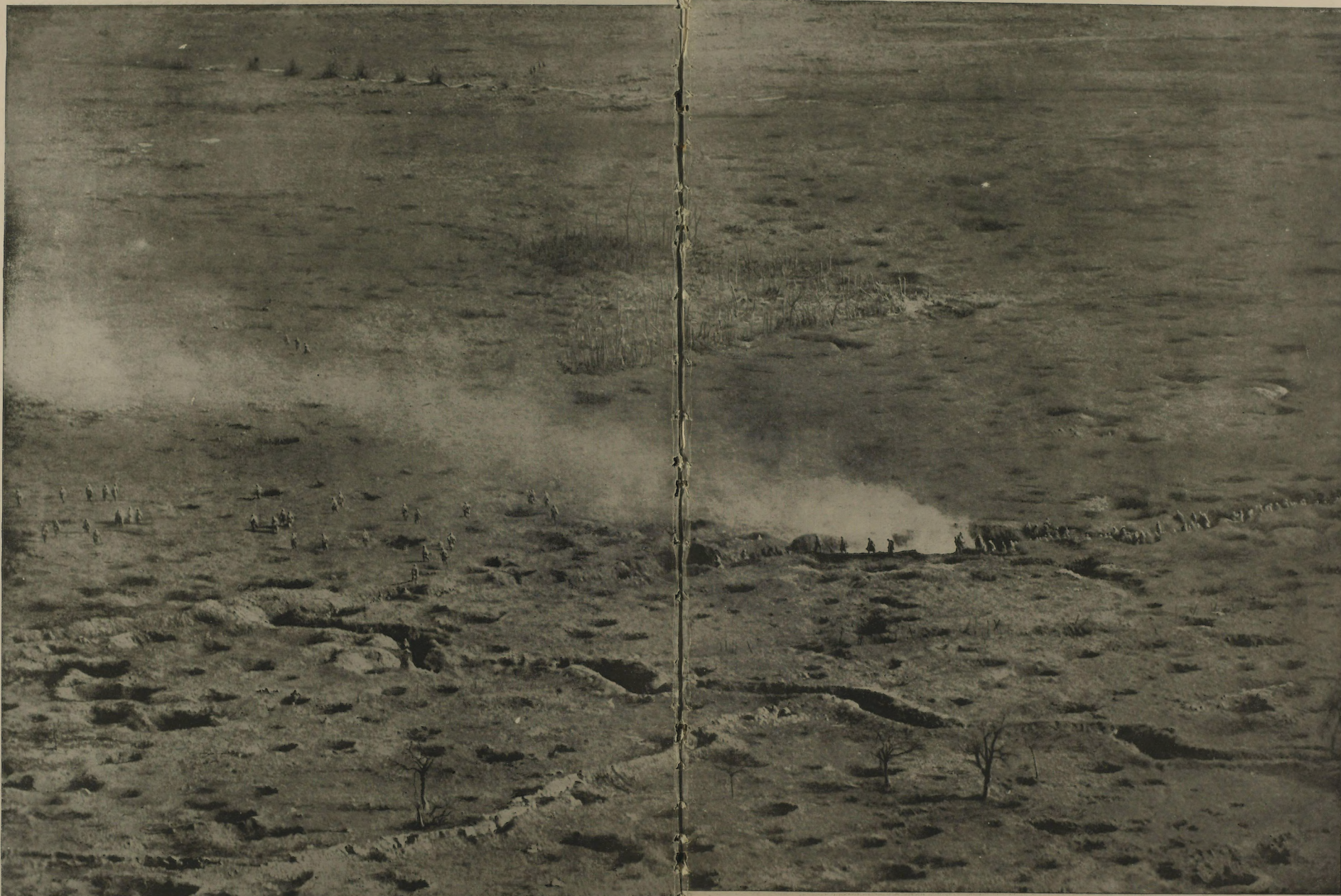
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THE DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL SERVICE: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

"It is proposed to appoint at once a Director of National Service, to be in charge of both the military and the civil side of Universal National Service. . . . We have been fortunate in inducing the Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, to accept the position of Director-General under this scheme. He will at once proceed to organise this great new system of enrolment for industrial purposes." In those words the Premier, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House of Commons on December 19, made the epoch-marking announcement quoted.

Mr Neville Chamberlain is the second son of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and is forty-seven years of age. He began business life in charge of his father's sisal (hemp) estates in the West Indies. Returning to Birmingham, he entered commercial life there. Meanwhile he assisted his father in political affairs, although refusing repeated offers to stand for Parliament. He was elected recently Lord Mayor of Birmingham, for the second time. He is essentially a strong man, an excellent selection for the vitally important post.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.]



FRENCH INFANTRY ADVANCING OVER CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES ON

THE SOMME: A WONDERFUL BATTLE PHOTOGRAPH BY A FRENCH AIRMAN.

This remarkable photograph was taken on the French front on the Somme, by a French *aviateur de liaison*, flying at a height of about 1600 feet above the battlefield. The nearest trench in the foreground, known as the Guillaume Trench, had formed the German front line, and had just been crossed by the French troops, who are seen advancing beyond it in a wave of assault through another trench further back. The big cloud of smoke in the centre was due to the explosion of a depot of bombs or rockets. Further

back in the centre is a clump of shattered trees called the Bois Hart, on either side of which may be seen small groups of men who were the most advanced sections of the French assault. Across the photograph in the distance will be noted a line in the ground which marks an unused trench bordering a road. Beyond it, in the centre of the photograph at the top, are some parties of German soldiers who are hastily retreating before the French advance.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

LET us suppose that we are all assembled in a sociable manner with the intention of eating an elephant. As will be seen later, it is on the most earnest economic and even ethical grounds that I make this extreme yet simple supposition. These lines will appear in the afterglow of Christmas, when the subject of eating can already be regarded with tranquillity and balanced reflection. And the subject has, as we all know, been lately regarded as a grave problem for social philosophers and statesmen. I wish I could think the social philosophers had been very philosophic or the statesmen very statesmanlike. So far, the principal suggestion has been, apparently, that we shall economise the food supply if the people in restaurants confine themselves to three courses instead of four or five. I cannot consider the demand exacting, for I have very often had occasion to confine myself to one. And I am one of those who are uncomfortably conscious that a majority of their fellow-citizens do not quite get that. But I do consider the demand mistaken, and founded on a fallacy about the nature of thrift. It is also connected with other mistakes in moral and social thought of which I shall speak later. But the economic case, like all such cases, must be simplified in order to be seen. I will therefore simplify the difference between five courses and three, and make it the difference between three courses and one. And as I do not wish to fill these columns with tables of figures working out the size, parts, and prices of all edible birds, beasts, and fishes, I will, so to speak, boil them all down to make one big animal. And I will ask the reader, with increased firmness, to join me in eating an elephant.

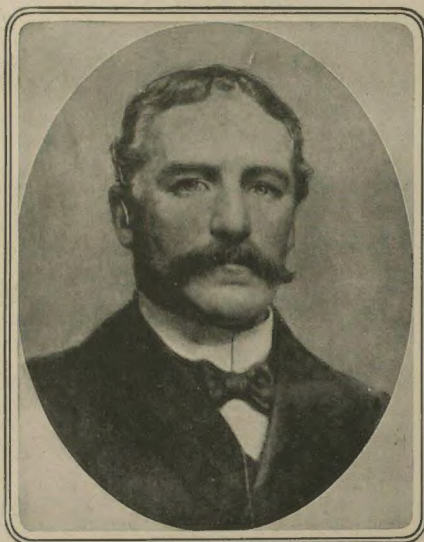
Now, it seems natural to suppose that one elephant would by himself furnish not only an elegant but a varied bill of fare. If we can have ox-tail soup, I suppose we could have elephant-tail soup; and I suppose there would be even more of it. If people can manage to eat calves'-foot jelly, I imagine that they might eat elephant's-foot jelly; and I, for one, should feel no more distant repugnance for one than for the other. Some people can eat brains, so they might be able to eat elephant's brains (which are said to be of a high intellectual order); and as marrow is regarded as a delicacy, elephant's marrow ought to be an even larger delicacy. These are the conventional and obvious cases. A really domestic and dexterous housewife would doubtless know exactly what to do with the elephantine ears and tail. The trunk might be cut into transverse circular sections, but I do not altogether see what one could make out of the tusks, except toothpicks. The point, however, is this. In the dinner of several courses (say three) the *gourmet* might naturally be supposed to eat an elephant's ear as a *hors d'œuvre* at the beginning, and have a little Trunk on Toast as a savoury at the end. But an elephant's rib would be the *pièce de résistance*; and I should think it would resist a good deal. But if he is allowed no snack, no trifle from the outlying parts of the pachyderm at the beginning and the end, he may want more than one rib; other guests, similarly limited, will want more and more ribs. And the elephant being an animal of lengthy but not

unlimited vertebral structure, his ribs will be used up quicker than you might fancy. And meanwhile his trunk, tail, and ears will not be used at all; they will be wasted. A man only allowed one large bite out of the animal will not ask for a snip off the end of his tail. He will plunge *in medias res*; and the *res* will rapidly be consumed. Such is the tragedy of the elephant attacked on wrong economic principles; and the application is plain. There is a fallacy in limiting people to what is commonly called solid food; for a considerable proportion of their solid sustenance does not come from such solid food. And there is a fallacy in supposing that the secondary forms of diet must be wasted because they would never naturally stand alone. Let the reader take any other animal or object capable of considerable sub-division, and he will see that it would be actually more economical to have many dishes than to have one. Those who argue otherwise must suppose that an ox is killed specially whenever they ask for ox-tail soup. But

modern enemies of that tradition discredit and conceal. The peasant ideal, when it is healthily developed, does not see its economy in pence and halfpence, but in apples or potatoes. And it is thoroughly typical of the snobbish culture which has a contempt for peasants that it will contradict itself and try to have it both ways. When it first sees the peasant, and notes certain rough and unfamiliar features of his life, it curses him for a careless brute. When it discovers that he has a forethought and independence impossible to wage-slaves, it curses him again for a careful brute. Such plutocratic muddle-headedness always wants to eat its cake and have it. The peasant prefers to keep his cake and have it on special occasions—when, for instance, it can serve as a Christmas cake. But while he has it he is called surly and narrow; and when he eats it (with the proper accompaniments) he is called drunken and superstitious. The great voice of England left an eternal echo of laughter against the fools who fancy

that because they are virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale. But the irony of the remark has largely hidden its truth; for the truth is that they are not even virtuous. The countries where most men can save and consider the future are the same countries to which we all look for picturesque festivals, and even for fairly good cookery. It is more exact to say that *until* we are virtuous there will be no more cakes and ale.

In truth, it is, perhaps, the happiest thought to-day that while we look for the end of the war, we are still at the beginning of the Alliance. The Allies have very much yet to learn from each other. But, above all, they have yet to learn what it is that they have to learn from each other. The comparison has been falsified by an old school of caricatures, and of compliments more offensive than caricatures. The ordinary Englishman has the task of discovering that the Frenchman is not such a decadent as his Frenchified eulogists admired him for being. The Frenchman has to find out that the Englishman is not such a prig as the praise of him always implies. Indeed, the first ray of the real enlightenment fell on the French mind when it encountered the English private soldier. It was instantly realised that the prominent feature of the poor and plain Englishman is not "phlegm" or "spleen," or "morgue," but simply animal spirits and broad farce. There is a real sense in which Merry England is a fact where Puritan England is very much of a pose. A very similar enlightenment has probably been creeping over the minds of the English soldiers themselves, concerning the counter-attractions of French cookery and French thrift. They also may have begun to meditate on the philosophy of fried potatoes, and seen the allegorical character of an omelette. Thus it is not a newspaper flourish, but a historical fact, that brotherhood in arms is a real brotherhood; it is an interchange of the truths of experience. The Englishman can see for himself that French cookery is not the good cookery of Lucullus, but rather the good cookery of Mrs. Cratchit. The Frenchman can see for himself that our fiction is more representative than our history; and that ours is not merely the country of Pitt, but rather of Pickwick.



RAISED TO THE PEERAGE: THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES STUART-WORTLEY, M.P.

Mr. Charles Stuart-Wortley, M.P. for the Hallam Division of Sheffield, entered Parliament thirty-six years ago, and has twice been Under-Secretary to the Home Office. He is a Deputy-Chairman of Committees, and a member of the Chairman's Panel for Standing Committees. He is a grandson of the first Lord Wharncliffe, and began his career at the Bar. His wife is a daughter of the late Sir John Millais, P.R.A.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



A PROMINENT CANADIAN RAISED TO THE PEERAGE: SIR MAX AITKEN, M.P.

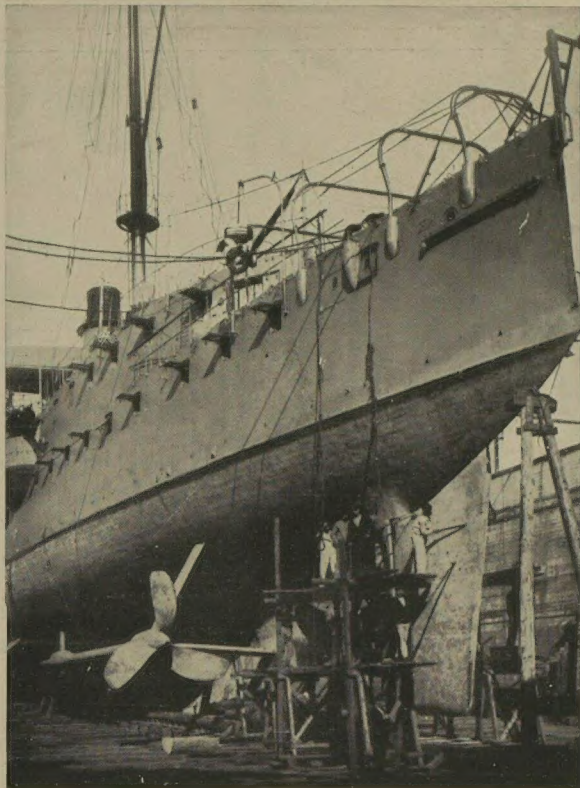
Sir Max Aitken, who is a successful Canadian financier, has during the war been official recorder of the doings of Canadian troops at the front, and is the author of "Canada in Flanders." He is only thirty-seven. He came to England in 1910 and became M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne. In 1911 he was knighted, and earlier this year was made a Baronet. He is a friend of Mr. Bonar Law, and is associated with the "Daily Express."—[Photograph by Suetone.]

this is not the case. It is not necessary to go out and catch a cod because cod's roe can sometimes be used as a savoury; nor even necessary to buy a cow in order to make a milk pudding.

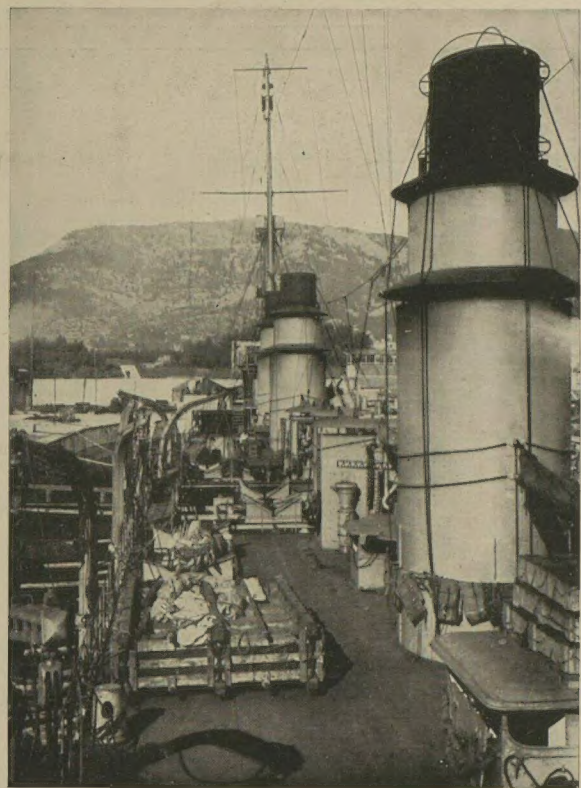
Those fruitful comparisons which our friendship with our new Allies should encourage ought to teach us better on this point. There was, indeed, a time when the less travelled type of Englishman believed that the Frenchman ate kickshaws because he was luxurious. But most of us know by this time that the Frenchman eats kickshaws because he is economical. Nobody denies that the average poor Frenchman is more thrifty than the average Englishman. Nobody denies that he (or, rather, she) makes more use of extras and small cooking experiments than the average Englishman. The very tradition which derives "kickshaw" from "quelque chose," bears witness to the truth; for the French luxury is not a special thing specially pursued and purchased. It is something, in the sense of anything. Thrift is the art of not trifling with trifles. It is not negative but positive; not merely restrictive but directly creative. Like all the virtues we inherit through the Christian tradition, it has a coloured and artistic aspect which

SILENT, BUT NONE THE LESS ACTIVE: THE FRENCH NAVY.

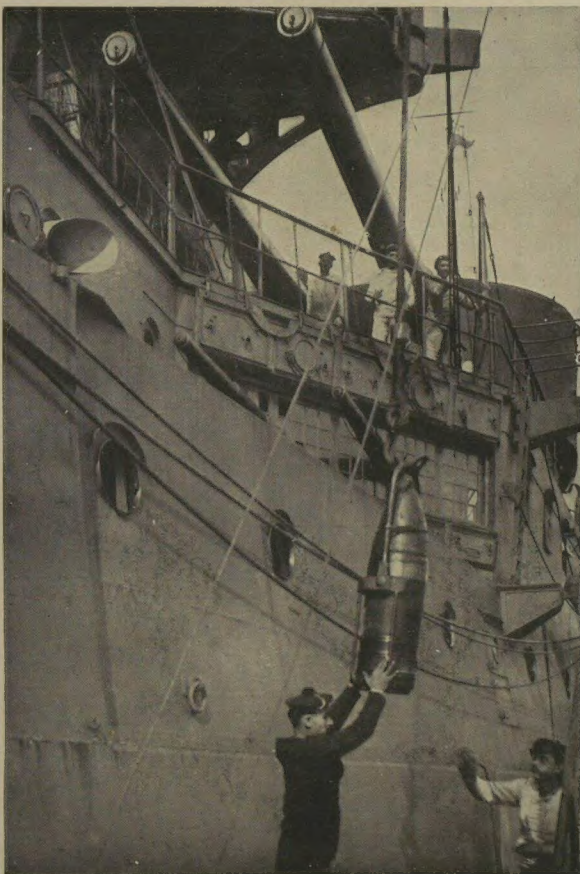
FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



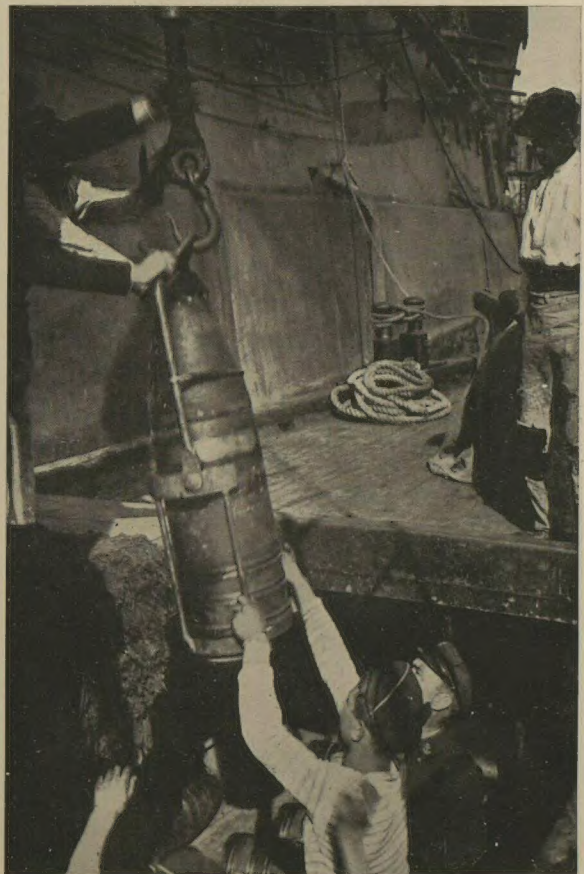
AT A FRENCH WAR PORT: A SHIP IN DRY DOCK.



ONE OF THE FRENCH NAVY'S LARGER UNITS: A BATTLE-SHIP IN PORT.



A CRUISER TO BE DOCKED FOR REPAIR: REMOVING BIG SHELLS.



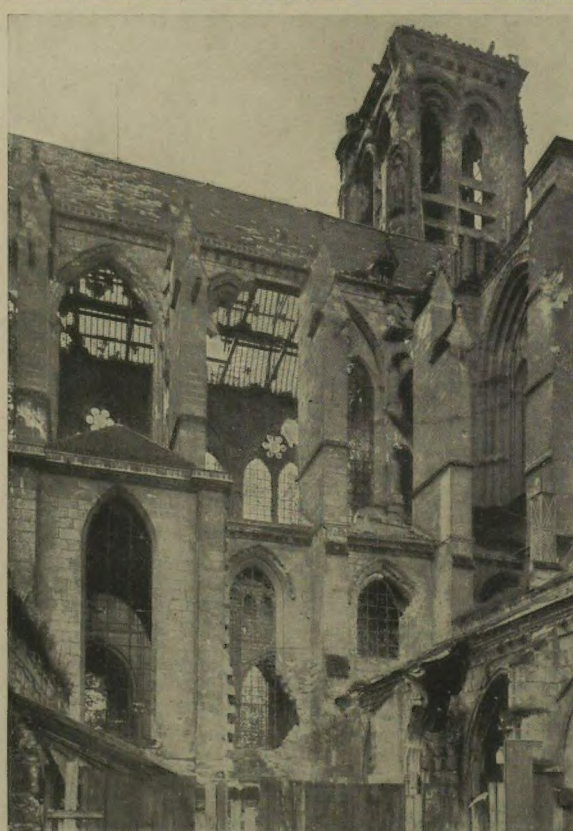
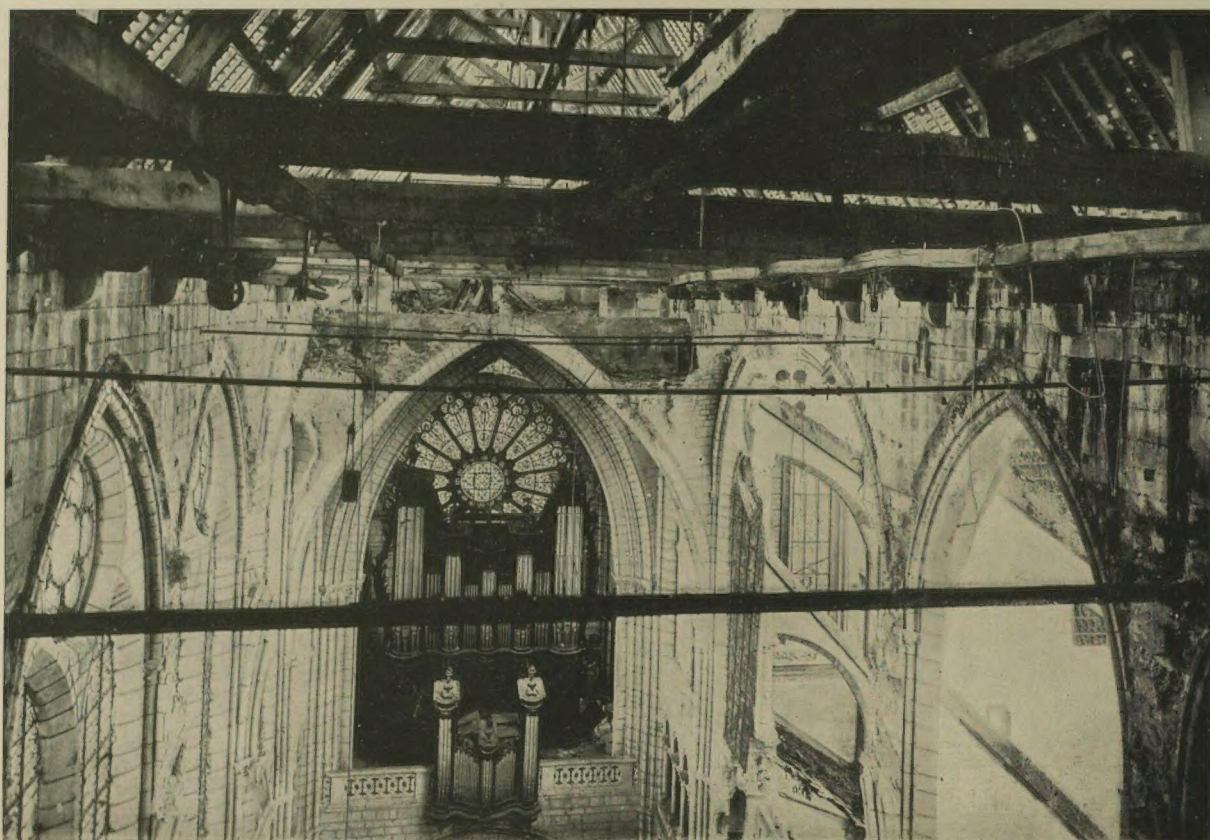
LOWERING A BIG SHELL FROM A CRUISER BEFORE DOCKING HER FOR REPAIR.

Although the French Navy, like the British, is a "silent" force, and we hear little of its doings, yet also, as in the case of our own fleet, its activities are unrelaxing and exercise a strong influence on the course of the war. These activities, naturally, expose it to casualties, and unfortunately the French Ministry of Marine had recently to announce that the battle-ship "Suffren," which played a notable part at the Dardanelles, was missing and must be regarded as lost. The Germans have since claimed her as a

victim of their submarines. The Commander-in-Chief of the French Navy, it may be recalled, holds the chief command of the Allied naval forces in the Mediterranean. A change in this command recently took place, when Vice-Admiral Du Fournet was succeeded by Vice-Admiral Gauchet, previously in command in the Levant. The above photographs, issued officially by the French authorities, were taken at a French naval port, and show some interesting details of the docking and repair of war-ships.

GERMAN SHELLS AND HISTORIC BUILDINGS: SOISSONS CATHEDRAL.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



WAR HAVOC IN THE GREAT CHURCHES OF FRANCE: SOISSONS CATHEDRAL AFTER GERMAN BOMBARDMENT.

These official photographs issued by the French War Office illustrate the present condition of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Soissons. The first shows the roof of the nave, with the damaged arch above the organ; the second shows the great breach in the nave from within; and the third the damage as seen from outside. Soissons Cathedral

dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and is a fine example of mixed Gothic and Romanesque. The western façade, with its three portals and a beautiful rose window, is flanked on its southern side by a tower 215 feet in height. The interior, which is notable for its fine proportions, contained a picture attributed to Rubens.

THE GLORIOUS TRICOLOUR: AN ALLEGORY OF VICTORIOUS FRANCE.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LUCIEN JONAS.



VERDUN.

On December 15, for the second time this year, the glorious French Army of Verdun swept forward against the invader, carrying all before it. The victory was even more complete and far-reaching than that of October 24, and at the time of writing the number of German prisoners taken has been officially given as nearly 11,400, including

284 officers. The French also captured or destroyed 115 guns, 44 mine-throwers, and 107 machine-guns. In the drawing the body of a German soldier is seen lying in the foreground. A few days after the battle the enemy instituted counter-attacks.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ENEMY PHOTOGRAPHS: THE NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF TANGA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



EFFECTS OF THE BRITISH NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF TANGA:
A GERMAN STORE WITH DAMAGED ROOF.



WITH LARGE PORTRAITS OF THE KAISER AND KAISERIN ON THE WALLS:
A ROOM WRECKED BY BRITISH SHELLS.



THE BRITISH NAVAL ATTACK ON TANGA IN THE EARLY MONTHS OF THE WAR; OUR TRANSPORTS ENTERING THE HARBOUR BEFORE THE LANDING—
A RECENTLY CAPTURED PHOTOGRAPH.



WITH DEAD MEN LYING WHERE THEY FELL: A PHOTOGRAPHIC
REMINISCENCE OF STREET FIGHTING IN TANGA.



A RECORD OF THE BRITISH BOMBARDMENT OF TANGA:
THE DAMAGED INTERIOR OF A BILLIARD-ROOM.

As these photographs represent events of the war that happened over two years ago, we must explain that they were taken while Tanga was still German, and did not come into British hands until it was captured this year. They were found in a box by a young British officer, and have only just reached us. The fact that they are two years old, however, in no way detracts from their historic interest. It may be recalled that Tanga, one of the chief ports of German East Africa, and the terminus of the Usambara railway, was captured by General Smuts on July 7 last. It is a picturesque town, with groves of coconut palms and mango trees, good buildings, and a safe and commodious harbour.

In November 1914, a British naval force bombarded Tanga and effected a landing. An official statement issued shortly afterwards by the India Office said: "At 11 a.m. on the 4th the attack was renewed. When within 800 yards of the position, the troops engaged came under very heavy fire. On the left flank, in spite of heavy casualties, the 101st Grenadiers entered the town and crossed bayonets with the enemy. The North Lancashire Regiment and Kashmir Rifles on the right pushed on in support, but found themselves opposed by tiers of fire from the houses." A War Office communiqué of April 24, 1915, stated: "The force from India, therefore, re-embarked and proceeded to Mombasa."

WHERE GERMAN ANTI-MOSLEM DOCUMENTS WERE FOUND: MOSHI.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



WHILE IT WAS STILL A GERMAN POSSESSION: NEW MOSHI BEFORE ITS CAPTURE, WITH GERMAN NATIVE TROOPS ASSEMBLED.



WITHIN SIGHT OF KILIMANJARO, FORMERLY ONE OF THE KAISER'S PROUDEST POSSESSIONS: GERMAN OFFICERS AT MOSHI.



WITH, HEAVILY UNIFORMED GERMAN NATIVE TROOPS AND BAGGAGE-CARRIERS READY TO ENTRAIN: THE RAILWAY AT NEW MOSHI.

These photographs are particularly interesting, as they show an important German centre in East Africa while it was still in German hands. The fact that they are captured German photographs explains the lateness of their arrival, for they have only just come to hand. Moshi was occupied by General Smuts's forces on March 13, 1916. The Germans retreated along the Tanga Railway, which has its northern terminus at New Moshi, three miles south-west of the Government post. Official documents captured at Moshi revealed the fact that, before the war, the Germans were taking steps for the suppression of Islam throughout German East Africa. The Governor, Dr. Schnee, had

issued instructions to the District Commissioners in October 1913, recommending, among other things, the prohibition of all Government officials from following the Moslem faith, and the preparation of a register of mosques in every district. The captured papers clearly proved the hypocrisy of the Germans in pretending to be the friends and protectors of the Moslem religion. Describing the capture of Moshi, a Reuter message said: "The advance into Moshi was preceded by a bombardment for some four or five hours. The Germans evacuated the town, and when we were fairly established they opened with their artillery. A heavy fight ensued. At the end the possession of Moshi was made secure."

MUD, "THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE," ON THE ANCRE; A DIRECT HIT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



"THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THE SITUATION IS SIMPLY MUD": A TYPICAL ANCRE LANDSCAPE ON THE BRITISH FRONT.



THE RESULT OF SUCCESSFUL SHOOTING BY THE BRITISH ARTILLERY: A SECTION OF GERMAN RAILWAY ON THE ANCRE TORN UP BY HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

Mud has been the most tenacious and formidable enemy to the British Army at the front for many weeks past. Speaking "as one just returned from the Somme," Captain Shaw, M.P. for Kilmarnock Burghs, spoke in the House of Commons the other day, in reply to a speech, which he "heard with amazement," criticising the general position and the command. "The conditions of the warfare in France," he said, "are not even now appreciated in this country. The hon. Member calls for an Abraham Lincoln,

for a big man. . . . But the biggest man cannot make marsh and mud dry. The campaign on the Somme has not stopped for want of munitions or because our troops cannot beat the Germans. The outstanding feature of the situation is simply mud. . . . There is no ground for doubting that, when once decent conditions are restored, we shall be able not only to resume the offensive, but to improve on former results." The lower photograph shows the effect of a direct hit by the British artillery on a section of German railway line on the Ancre.

GUNS AND FLAME-PROJECTORS: BATTLE-SPOIL ON THE SOMME FRONT.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



GERMAN WAR MATERIAL STACKED IN REAR OF THE FRENCH LINES: ARTILLERY; MACHINE-GUNS; FLAME-PROJECTORS.



ORIGINALLY DESIGNED AND USED BY THE ENEMY: A GERMAN FLAME-PROJECTOR (FLAMMENWERFER).

There are two kinds of enclosures on the Western Front. In one, within barbed wire, German prisoners are kept as they arrive, previous to being drafted to internment camps. The other, as the first illustration above shows, is where captured *matériel* of all kinds is stacked until it can be overhauled and disposed of. Our view shows artillery, field and medium, rifles and machine-guns, together with flame-projectors, for spraying liquid fire (in the foreground). The cannon and machine-guns, if capable of rendering further service, are usually sent back to the front to be used in firing back at the enemy his

own ammunition, of which the French and ourselves possess an immense accumulation, as the official despatches have recorded. One of the captured flame-projectors is seen in the lower illustration. The apparatus consists of two parts, each carried by one man; the reservoir and pump, and the hose and nozzle. The bulkier part consists of a three-foot long cylinder holding the inflammable oil, the ejection of which is effected by an attached pumping apparatus contained in the smaller cylinder, charged with nitrogen, and attached at one side. One man attends to that. The second handles the hose.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY



RITES WHICH PRECEDED PROPHECY: DRUIDS OFFERING HUMAN SACRIFICES



MAKING A CONDUCT WITH SATAN: ABEYER'S ENGLISHMAN CALLING FOR THE CLUE IN THE ROAD

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WAR-TIME AND "USELESS" DOGS.

THE gravest apprehensions have been aroused among dog-lovers throughout the land by dark rumours of drastic legislation in regard to dogs coming under the category of "useless." In how far these apprehensions are well founded, and what is to be the scope and object of legislation, nothing is certainly known—probably because, if the authorities concerned are really contemplating action of any kind, they have as yet devised no definite scheme. But the public generally are convinced that it is the purpose of the Government, under the plea of expediency, to order the destruction of all "useless" dogs. And, being convinced that the Sword of Damocles is about to fall, our newspapers have been bristling with letters—on the one hand, selfishly hailing the proposal with delight; and on the other, by owners terrified or enraged, and calling for immediate action to prevent this real or imaginary decree for any such "massacre of the innocents."

The proposal having been mooted, it must be admitted that the policy of "wait and see" would be foolish, to say the least. But wild denunciation, from whichever side, will not help matters. That we are at war, "somewhere in France" and beyond, all of us now fully realise. But there are yet many among us who have yet to realise that this is a real big war, demanding and exacting sacrifices far beyond the range of the actual battlefields. Are we to send those near and dear to us to face the terrors of death, and threaten to bring about the downfall of the Government if we are asked to sacrifice something to ensure for ourselves and our children the inestimable blessings of freedom? We are fighting for this, and more than this, for these blessings are yet in jeopardy, not only for us, but the rest of Europe, and even for the world.

Let us look at the question dispassionately. We are threatened, more seriously than seems to be apparent, by a grave shortage in our food supplies, owing to the unscrupulous submarine warfare of our enemies—a shortage which may come very near to famine before we are through. Is it altogether wise, then, calmly to contemplate filling the mouths of dogs when we have children to provide for? We must look ahead. One irate writer to the papers assures us that there are now in these islands "hundreds of thousands of dogs which from an economic view can be regarded as 'useless.'" If that estimate is any way near the truth, then surely it is time that we began seriously to think. But the daily consumption of food of "hundreds of thousands" of "useless" dogs,

even, is nothing compared with the deliberate and avoidable waste in other directions worth the attention of economists at a time like this.

Let us face the problem squarely. Personally, I can keenly realise the anguish such an edict would cause if it were ever issued. To be served with a "death warrant" for one's sole companion, perhaps, is an ordeal not lightly to be contemplated. Yet mothers, and fathers, have cheerfully given their only sons in this great cause. One of my friends, though

the side of, and in sympathy with, the dog-lovers—rather, of the dog-owners—that I would desire to see every possible endeavour made to avert a measure which would be the source of so much real pain and suffering. But if we are to choose between the dogs and the babies, I know which way my vote will go. And if that issue is put to the owners of dogs—who in the first instance are most immediately concerned—I shall be surprised if some of them do not vote with me. They will not be outdone by Jephtha.

Nature herself takes our dogs from us every ten years; we surely are not yet reduced to sacrificing their companionship on the grounds of a supposed economy of food, because a foolish minority are extravagant?

And now as to the term "useless" dog. It has a harsh sound at any time, and it may be asked: What is a "useless" dog? Most people, probably, would apply the term to dogs which cannot be used by the shepherd, or in the detection of crime, or for the purposes of the war, or as watch-dogs, or for the purposes of sport. Wide as is the range of breeds which might secure exemption, or partial exemption, on these grounds, a host of breeds other than "lap-dogs" would be left to bear the opprobrious term "useless." The only justification for many breeds of the last-named, in the eyes of most of us, is their "freakishness," for which they are prized by their grown-up owners just as children sometimes display a strange affection for the hideous dolls known as "Gollywogs." But, apart from the affection they arouse in their owners, they have a real "use."

We are prone to refuse to recognise "usefulness" to any living thing or to any art or science which cannot be applied to the ends of commerce and the earning of dividends. That is what is mistakenly called the "common-sense" view. Judged by this standard, our museums, art galleries, and free libraries are "useless." But "common-sense" and intelligence are not synonymous terms.

Since we must eat to live, it is necessary for us all that commerce should thrive. The whole foundation of civilisation, in the best sense of the term, depends on it. If that civilisation is to advance, if we are to eliminate its undesirable features and accompaniments, if our spiritual well-being is to be ministered to, then every scrap of evidence which enables us to penetrate the mysteries of Nature is to be zealously collected and examined. And in this even the despised "lap-dogs" have their place. For they are so many object-lessons in the study of that immensely important problem "heredity." The breeder's art is a very ancient one. It began even before the records of Jacob's experiments with Laban's sheep, and we have not fathomed its mysteries yet. W. P. PYCRAFT.



AT A FRENCH WAR-PORT: SAILOR-FIREMEN TURNING THEIR HOSES ON A HEAP OF BURNING COAL.

French Official Photograph.

bowed down with grief at the loss of his only child in France, yet told me that he would have given twenty sons, had they been his. I am intensely fond of dogs myself, though, being compelled to live in London, I have refrained from the temptation to keep one. The state of some of the London pavements has always served as a deterrent. I will not wilfully, of malice aforethought, add to this. I am so far on



AT A FRENCH WAR-PORT: SAILOR-FIREMEN FIGHTING A FIRE IN A HEAP OF COAL ACCIDENTALLY SET ALIGHT.—[French Official Photograph.]

GERMAN TYRANNY IN BELGIUM: A PULPIT PROTEST UNDER GUARD.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LUCIEN JONAS.



WITH A GERMAN SOLDIER POSTED BESIDE THE PULPIT: A BELGIAN PRIEST READING IN CHURCH CARDINAL MERCIER'S PROTEST AGAINST THE DEPORTATIONS.

Not even within the walls of their churches, it seems, are the Belgians free from the iron control of German militarism. Here we see a German soldier standing by, with fixed bayonet, while a Belgian priest reads from the pulpit Cardinal Mercier's protest against the German deportations of Belgian civilians. The Cardinal recently replied to General von Bissing's charge that the Belgian authorities were to blame for the harsh measures taken by the Germans. He stated that he had evidence that the Germans

ignored the remarks of local authorities and priests when the collecting of the so-called "unemployed" was in progress, and quoted specific cases disproving the German Governor's assertion. In his letter of protest, Cardinal Mercier had said: "The naked truth is this: every workman taken from Belgium means one soldier more for the German Army. He is intended to take the place of a German workman, out of whom a soldier is to be made."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

STORMING GERMAN TRENCHES BY MOONLIGHT: A UNIQUE BATTLE EXPERIENCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM DETAILS RECEIVED.

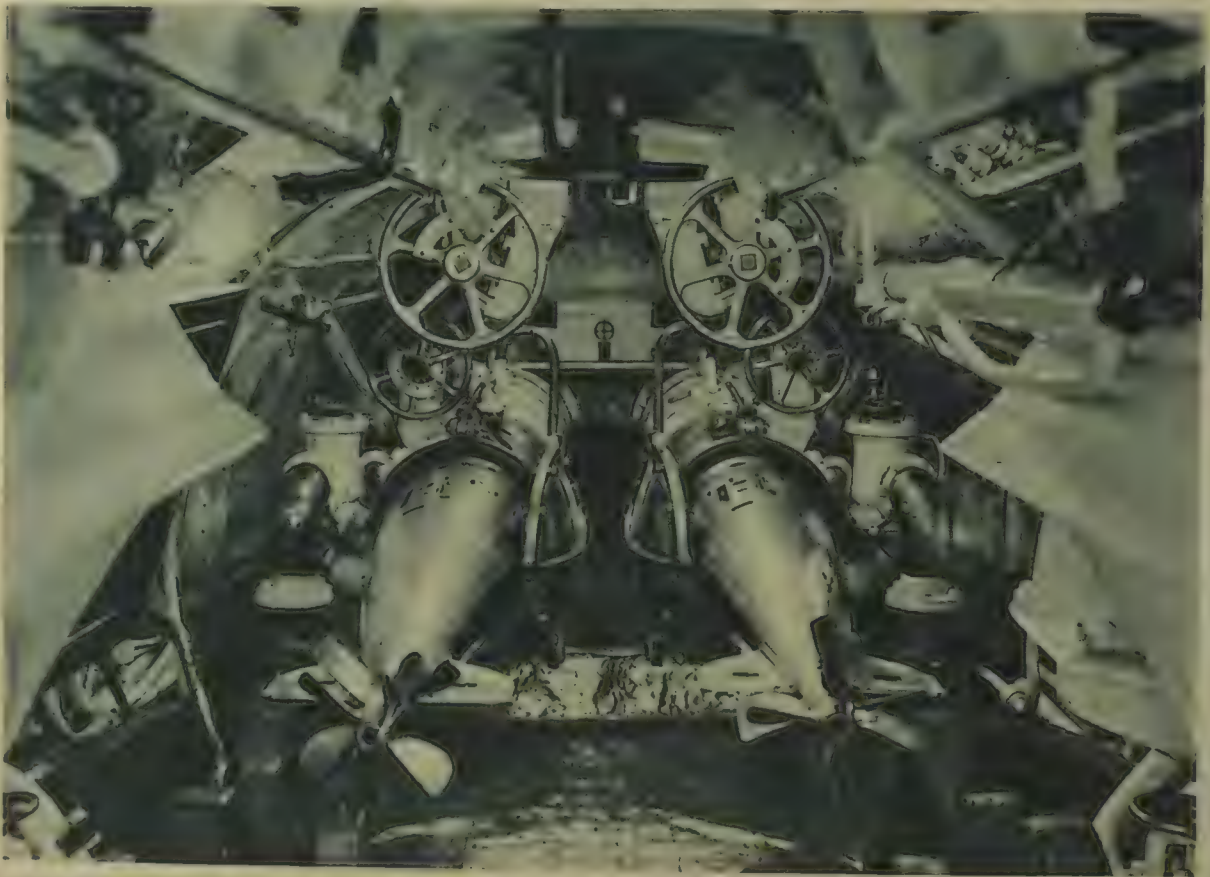
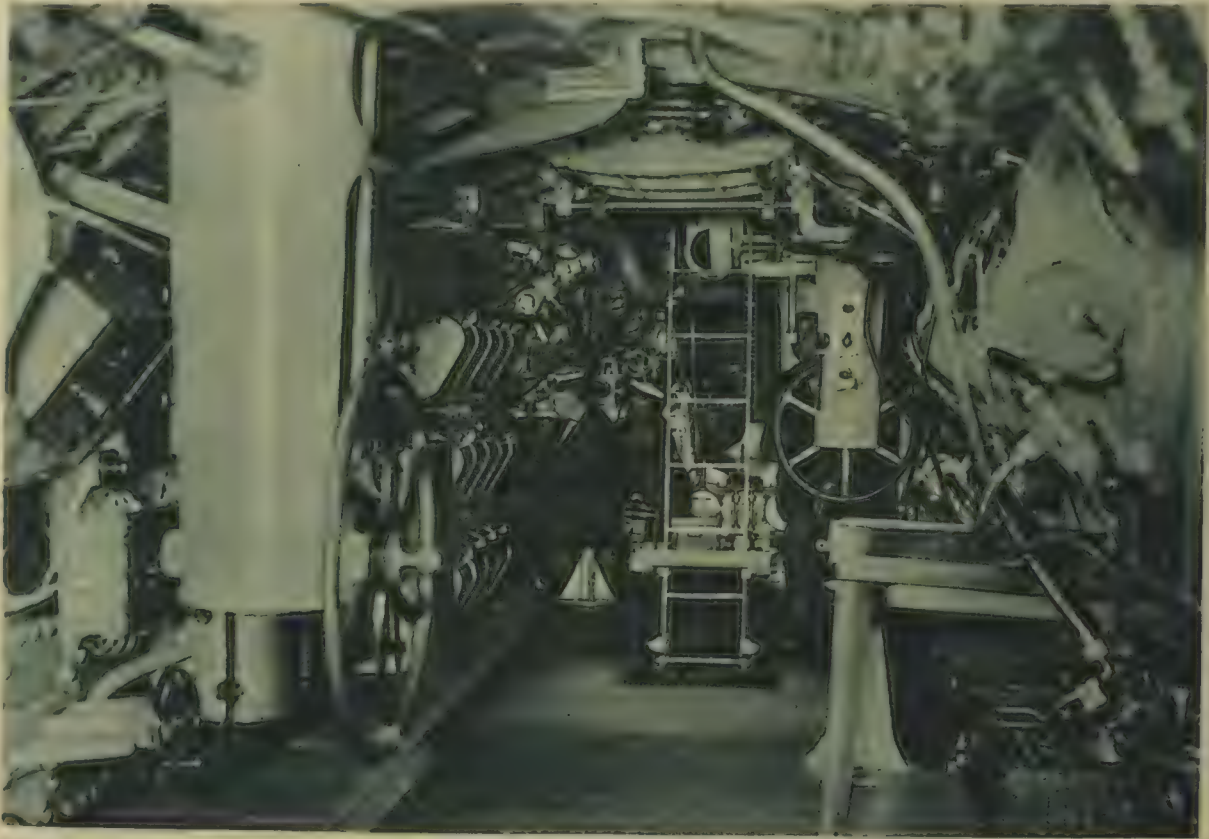


"THE FIRST FENCE WAS JUMPED SOON AFTER MIDNIGHT, AND THE GERMAN TRENCHES WERE TAKEN A FEW MINUTES LATER": FOLLOWING UP BARRAGE FIRE WITH BAYONETS.

"Our brilliant attack," writes Mr. Beach Thomas, describing the taking of the German trenches here depicted, "opened a few minutes after midnight. It had features quite new, even to this war. The full moon made day of night. You could see to read. Flashes of bursting shrapnel looked like stars quenched by superior light." In the thick of the fighting as seen above, the heavy, drifting smoke-clouds of the barrage fire at times partially obscured the moon, making it like twilight in some places, and nearly dark at others. "Our own men engaged in the attack," to continue in the words of the narrator quoted, "agreed with observers behind it that it was the 'prettiest' barrage they had worked with, intense, accurate, dashing, an excellent barrage to give a lead over the fence. The first fence was jumped soon after midnight,

and the German trenches over a front of 1000 yards were taken and occupied a few minutes later.' . . . The German artillery response was heavy, but not excessive, and the men fought tamely at close quarters. One of them said afterwards, in an ingenuous way like a child: 'When I threw up my hands and called "Good, kind enemy, mercy, mercy!" your men stopped throwing bombs, and one patted me on the shoulder and told me to go home to your lines.' To adopt again the correspondent's description: "The only part of the fighting at which the enemy does not, as a rule, excel, is the hand-to-hand, and when he curls up he curls up completely. It was so in this engagement. Fifty unwounded prisoners in one group were frankly delighted at their fate."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

INSIDE A BRITISH SUBMARINE: OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



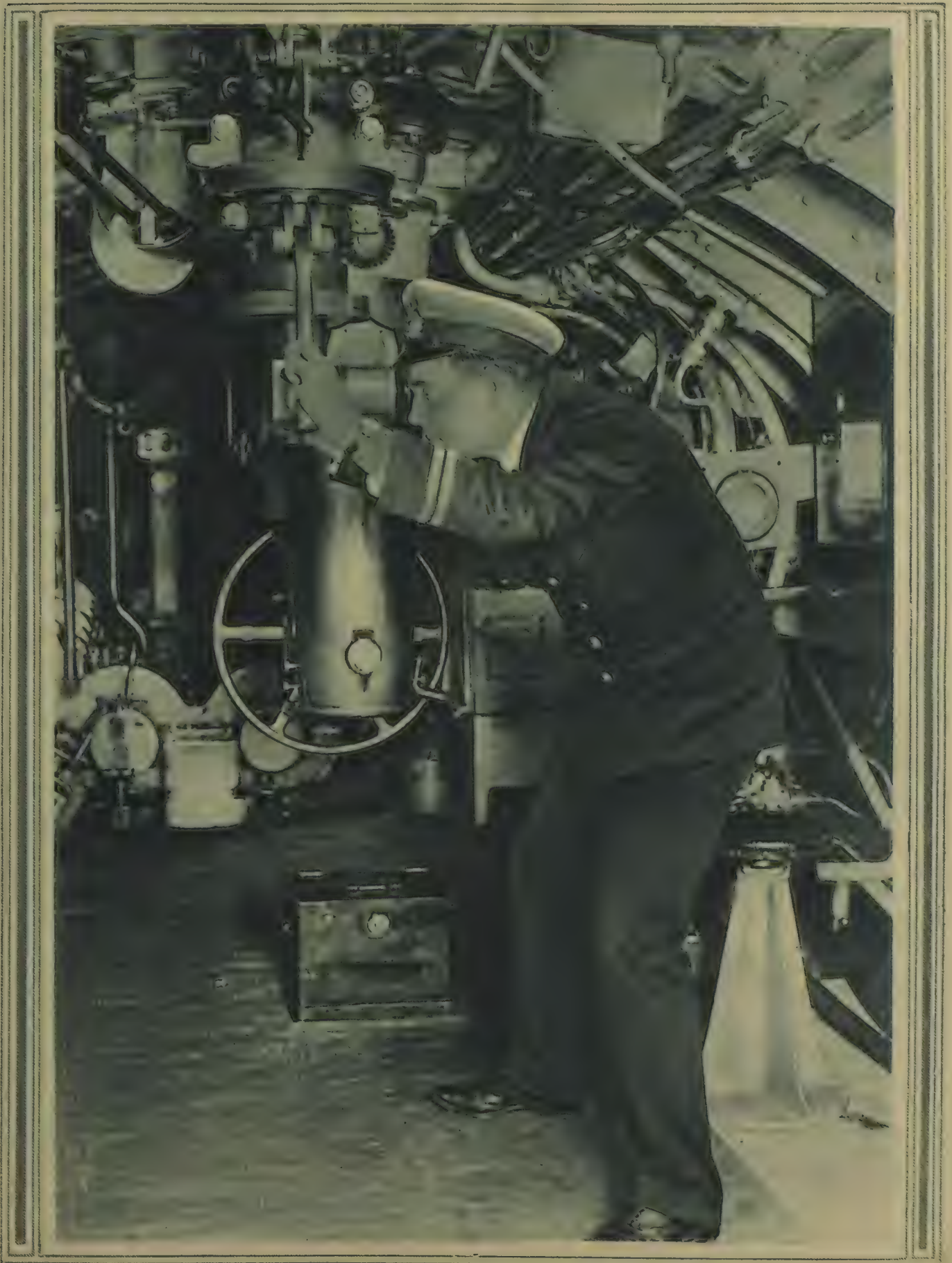
THE INTERIOR OF A BRITISH SUBMARINE: (1) THE LIVING-SPACE, LOOKING AFT; (2) THE FOREMOST TORPEDO-TUBES.

The Germans are fond of vaunting the wonderful power and range of action of their submarines. We do not boast of ours; they are part of the great Silent Navy, and they work in silence. They are doing splendid work all the time, and they can do all, and more than all, that the German "U-boats" can, as they have proved when they have had the chance. That they have fewer chances of attacking enemy ships than German submarines have is due to one obvious fact—there are seldom any German ships at sea

to attack. To a layman the interior of a submarine looks an extraordinarily complicated affair, as our photographs show. "Like the destroyer," writes Mr. Rudyard Kipling in "The Fringes of the Fleet," "the submarine has created its own type of officer and man—with a language and traditions apart from the rest of the Service, and yet at heart unchangingly of the Service. Their business is to run monstrous risks from earth, air, and water. . . . They play hourly for each other's lives with Death the Umpire

(Continued opposite.)

INSIDE A BRITISH SUBMARINE: AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



"THE EYE, THE BRAIN, AND THE HAND OF THE WHOLE: THIS SINGLE FIGURE AT THE PERISCOPE."

Continued.
always at their elbow on tiptoe to give them 'Out.' . . . I was honoured by a glimpse into this veiled life in a boat which was merely practising between trips. . . . Then we went down. . . . I was more interested in the faces, and, above all, the eyes, all down the length of her. It was to them, of course, the simplest of manoeuvres. They dropped into gear as no machine could; but the training of years and the experience of the year leaped up behind those steady eyes under the electrics in the shadow of

the tall motors, between the pipes and the curved hull, or glued to their special gauges. One forgot the bodies altogether—but one will never forget the eyes or the ennobled faces. . . . The attack and everything connected with it is solely the commander's affair. He is the only one who gets any fun at all—since he is the eye, the brain, and the hand of the whole—this single figure at the periscope." The method of using a periscope is well seen in the above photograph.

THE COMMISSARIAT: THE SIMPLE MEANING OF A LONG WORD.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



DINNER-TIME FOR BRITISH TROOPS ON THE ANCRE: FIELD-KITCHENS IN FULL BLAST, WITH MEN RECEIVING AND CONSUMING THEIR RATIONS.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S DINNER AT THE FRONT: SIMPLIFICATION OF MEALS AS MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE UNDERSTAND IT.

At a season of the year when we have all been observing the festivities associated with Christmas—albeit in chastened mood and in a spirit of economy—it is interesting to see, as in these photographs, the conditions under which our gallant men at the front take their meals. It is comforting to know that they are well fed, and that, however rough the "service" may be, there is no lack of good victuals. After all, gleaming cutlery and snow-white napery are merely superfluous accessories. It is the "grub" that

matters. In the upper photograph we see a row of field-kitchens working full steam ahead; while in the background men are filing up to receive their rations, and in the foreground some are seen consuming them. In the lower photograph, the expression of the men's faces seems to show that the food meets with their approval; and it may be noted also that they are well clothed against the cold and wet. The importance of a liberally managed commissariat cannot be over-rated, for soldiers both march and fight "upon" their stomachs."

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FOOD
is
*"a power
for good."*

A Talk to semi-Invalids,

—to the many people who are not ill, but seldom quite well; who, not having robust constitutions, have to take care, and can seldom enjoy a hearty meal.

For those in this condition—and among them are some of the brightest scientific and business intellects in the world—Benger's is a power for good, proving always agreeable and enjoyable in adverse conditions of health.

The fact that Benger's Food is self-digestive to an extent entirely under control, enables it, alone among foods, to be prepared so as to suit personal conditions. The importance of this cannot be overstated.

Benger's Food is served in the welcome form of a delicious soluble cream, in which the rich proteid contents of the new milk—with which it is prepared, and the highly nutritive elements of the Food itself, are partly ready for absorption. In this way the work of the digestive organs is lightened just as much as may be necessary.

Consequently, it is comforting and nourishing when other foods disagree, and enjoyable, even to the many people who can neither take milk alone, nor milk and water.

Benger's Food is a boon to Invalids and the Aged. It is delicious in itself with a pleasing biscuit flavour, and used half and half with coffee or tea, it gives full refreshment with the digestive advantages of the food.

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Depots throughout Canada.



CHRISTMAS IN A DUG-OUT: AN ENEMY HELMET AS COOKING-POT.

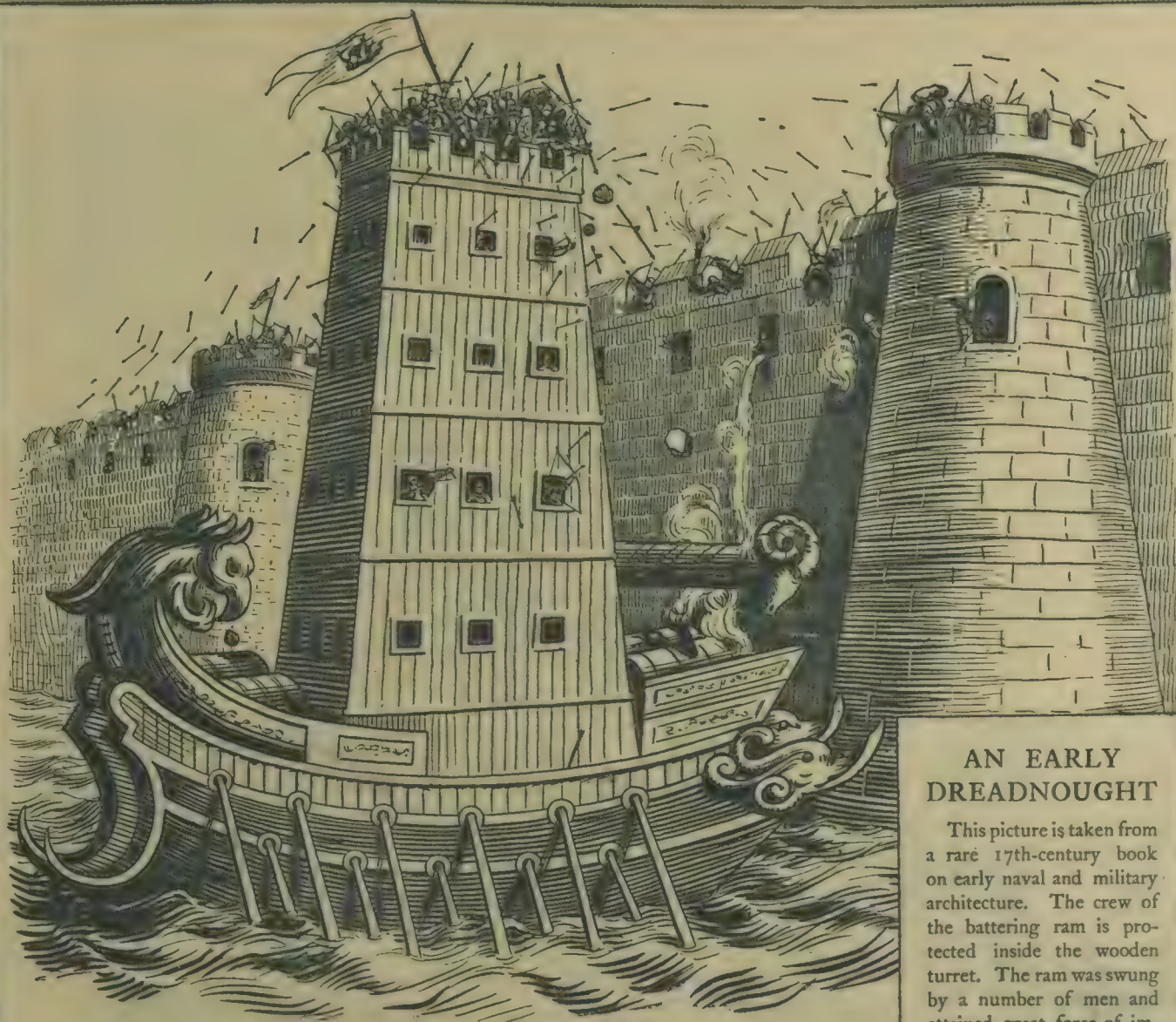
DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



COOKING THE PLUM-PUDDING IN A GERMAN STEEL HELMET: A CHRISTMAS SCENE IN A BRITISH DUG-OUT AT THE FRONT.

Discussing the German peace offer in his article on "Our Note-Book" page last week, Mr. Chesterton said that "the imperial pudding [of the enemy] bore a considerable resemblance to 'humble pie.'" Our artist's drawing shows a humble use to which a German helmet may be put in connection with the British soldier's Christmas pudding. A captured enemy steel helmet is seen fulfilling the modest function of a saucepan, in which the plum pudding is being boiled over a brazier inside a British dug-out. Through

the window we catch a glimpse of the snowy ground outside, while the men within are glad of the genial heat of the brazier to warm their hands. These details help to bring home to us the conditions under which our gallant troops are once more keeping Christmas. The realisation of their discomforts and hardships must make everyone wish to do all that is possible to cheer and support them during the long winter months in the cold and wet of the trenches.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



AN EARLY DREADNOUGHT

This picture is taken from a rare 17th-century book on early naval and military architecture. The crew of the battering ram is protected inside the wooden turret. The ram was swung by a number of men and attained great force of impact. The defenders would try and catch the head of it in nets or with long pincers.

Notice, also, how the wooden walls of this early Dreadnought protect the rowers.

If illness threatens to batter a breach—reinforce with Bovril

Illness is like a battering ram seeking the weak points of defence. Colds, chills and influenza are always alert to attack. If you are run down—if the defenders of the body are weakened by under-nourishment or overwork—the fortress capitulates. Fortify yourself with Bovril.

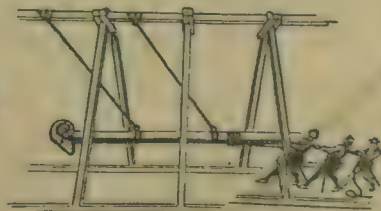
Sustained by the immense concen-

trated nourishment of this unique preparation you can defy the strain of heavy work and the threats to your health. Bovril is just what you need now meat is scarce—it takes a joint of Beef to make a bottle of Bovril. The vital elements that give Beef its special place and value as a food are concentrated and stored in Bovril.

For the Front.—The most convenient pack to send out to Officers is Campaigning Bovril. Six 4-oz. jars in a compact parcel.

Fortify Yourself with Bovril.

In spite of the increase in the cost of beef, the raw material of Bovril, the price of Bovril has not been increased since the outbreak of the war.



THINGS SEEN IN THE WAR,

THE number of narratives of personal experiences in the war is legion, and no one's reading can keep pace with them all. But they are so uniformly enlightening, and, as a rule, so concise—this, at least, is how the present writer has been fortunate enough to find it—that the perusal at a stretch of a selection of them is likely to prove a fascinating entertainment. Worse occupation could be commended for an enforced home-kept Christmas holiday. One narrative corroborates and complements another, and the cumulative impression is undoubtedly helpful to those who may be attempting an intelligent understanding of the struggle in its many phases.

At first sight, for example, an Army Service Corps book may not seem particularly enticing. Yet once you start "On the Road from Mons with an A.S.C. Train" (Hurst and Blackett) you find yourself entirely absorbed in its story. The anonymous "Commander" who tells it is, it is true, as resourceful with his pen as evidently he was with his supplies—as vivid of phrase as he must have been decisive in action. His economy of words and the reserve of his dry humour are unusual. It fell to him, too, to have a remarkable experience. One of the first officers of the Expeditionary Force to land in France, he commanded the scratch train serving the 19th Infantry Brigade in the famous Retreat. They will be singularly unimaginative readers who do not realise in "Commander's" book something of the strength of valorous spirit displayed by our men, as reflected by the patience, tenacity, and capacity for enduring hard knocks of the Supply Train, which kept in touch, somehow, with Brigade Headquarters and the Supply Column, from Mons, back and back to Grisy, and then forward again—scarcely able to believe the significant order to face north once more—across the Marne and the Ourty, to Venizel on the Aisne. "Commander's" is one of the most thrilling narratives of the war, at once most matter-of-fact and most artful. A modest personal record, it makes an enthusiastic claim for the A.S.C. which it completely substantiates. The claim is borne out incidentally by independent witnesses—for example, in a chapter of "My Fourteen Months at the Front" (Hodder and Stoughton), a very lively book by William J. Robinson. Mr. Robinson, a young American who found himself in this country (his business in it gone) on the outbreak of the

war, enlisted in the 5th Dragoon Guards, and on being sent, almost immediately, to the front, became driver of a car, a duty which brought him into many sensational adventures which are here very graphically described. His account of a dash to Potijze by way of Ypres in the second battle for Calais (pp. 185-189) is the most gruesome tale we remember of a war full of such. The early campaigns in Flanders are also illuminated in the pages of "From the St. Lawrence to the Yser," by Frederic C. Curry, late Captain 2nd Eastern Ontario Regiment, with which may be read "Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields" (also published through Smith, Elder), by Herbert Rae. In them the

eternally fresh and verdant in our Empire story. It must have been just a little later than our Canadian authors that Captain Bruce Bairnsfather landed at Havre, and was hurried up to the front to take over his machine-gun section. He too, in "Bullets and Billets" (Grant Richards), has something to say of Plugstreet, with both pen and pencil (and really we cannot say which he employs the better)—though Plugstreet, after the Ypres salient, in his opinion, is more or less like going to a convalescent home after a painful operation. Altogether, a frank, graphic, salutary book is Captain Bairnsfather's, and, though more

"gifted" than some of the others in our batch, typical of them all in its hardy and incorrigible courage. How could we ever have supposed the race to be decadent! Another illustration of the benefit of taking a course of these war experiences is found in "Battery Flashes" (John Murray), in which "Wagger" (anonymous otherwise) adds information about the duties of a signaller with the R.F.A. to that we have picked up in earlier pages mentioned about those of machine-gun sections and supply trains. "Wagger's" is a literal record of war, giving day and date, if carefully veiling the precise location, of the incidents described; but there runs through it also a distinct individual comment—the view of a Territorial with a critical mind for affairs—into which such a passage as "The Graves in the Wood" and various verses are introduced with considerable effect. As a pinch of salt and savour to these narratives of the trenches, let the reader add to them Mr. John S. Margerison's short but most competent and entertaining description—in "The Navy's Way" (Duckworth)—of the daily life at sea with the Battle Fleet.



THE ALLIED ENTRY INTO MONASTIR: "THE BROWN-COATED RUSSIANS" MARCHING INTO THE TOWN.

French and Russian troops entered Monastir at 9 a.m. on November 19. Writing later that day, Mr. Ward Price said: "Both the blue-coated French and the brown-coated Russians that came in at 9 o'clock have already passed on, and are engaged with the enemy rear-guard three miles out along the Frilep road."—[French Official Photograph.]

historic fortunes of the 1st Canadian Division can be followed in a choice of ways. Captain Curry's is a straightforward narrative, braced with the energy of an independent habit of mind and judgment—Givenchy and Plugstreet Wood its high lights. In Mr. Rae's all the names (even the author's) are fictitious, so that the fighting and the floundering in Flanders are presented with more intimate sallies, and a more ambitious effort to capture the psychology of war. Both will help to keep the Maple Leaves

third winter of the war. Upwards of 8000 Barnardo Homes' "old boys" are serving the country in the Army and Navy and in the Mercantile Marine. Some have given their lives on the battlefield or on board ship. One was recommended for the V.C., but died before receiving it. Two have the Military Medal, one has the D.S.M., three have been mentioned in despatches. Friends are asked to send donations to the Headquarters, 18 to 20, Stepney Causeway, London, E.C.

The 'Swan' on Active Service

A dealer sending a "Swan" back for adjustment writes—

"We send you a B2 'Safety Pen,' which a wounded soldier has just brought in. We shall be glad if you will have it put right for him, as he has a great esteem for the pen, and declares that he would not part with it for ten pounds, as it is the only thing he carried through the Gallipoli campaign, and brought back in a whole and sound condition."

In military service the "Swan" has proved invaluable. Whenever and wherever there is a call for writing, it is conveniently at hand and instantly serviceable. It is the best fountain pen because it has no complicated mechanism and cannot go wrong except by accident or gross misuse.

No advance in prices of 'Swan' Pens: other makes increased about 20%.

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"..... Shaking my hair from my eyes, I lifted my head and tried to look boldly round the darkened room; at this moment a light gleamed on the wall. Was it, I asked myself, a ray aperture in the blind? No; moonlight was still, and this stirred: while I gazed, it glided up to the ceiling and quivered over my head..... I thought the swift darting beam was a herald of some coming vision from another world. My heart beat thick, my head grew hot; a sound filled my ears, which I deemed the rushing of wings; something seemed near me; I was oppressed, suffocated; endurance broke down; I rushed to the door and shook the lock in desperate effort....."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË,
in "*Jane Eyre*."

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Girl's Tea Frock (as sketch), in rich heavy crêpe-de-chine, with new high-waisted skirt, put on with gaugings, sailor collar of net and lace, finished hemstitching. In black and all colours.

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30 only, Young Ladies' Suits, in velour, cloths and hopsack serges, in various designs, including many straight tailored shapes, of which sketch is a typical example. To fit young ladies of 19 years.

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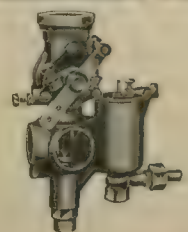
When you feel weary and worn after war work of any kind take a Mustard Bath. It brings back the glow of health and vigour. Try it—any bath—any time—any day—why not to-day?

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"Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath."

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LADIES' PAGE.

SOONER than we perhaps anticipated, it seems, we are to give up the use of pure wheaten bread, and try the "meslin bread," or mixture, of the poorer classes of our ancestors. We may be no worse for it, even though we may be tempted to quote Shakespeare, and cry: "You cram these things into mine ear against the stomach of my sense. I know I don't love it; I can't eat it: 'tis not fit to be eaten!" Since we have got to eat it, we shall, perhaps, become reconciled by use. Certainly, people who get accustomed to brown or whole-meal bread become so much its advocates that they will call ordinary white bakers' loaves "sawdusty" and "un-nourishing." As to whether such whole-meal bread is or is not really more nutritious than the fine, much-bolted white bread, one might have supposed that this question was completely settled, and that the food reformers who have preached the superiority of whole-meal bread were absolutely justified. But, alas! in all that relates to the question of nutrition, there seems no scientific finality. The latest experiments, carefully made in America, go to indicate that the coarse whole-wheat flour is so much less thoroughly digested by the average healthy person than is the less irritating white flour bread, that there is practically no importance to be attached to the use of the brown flour. But then, on the other hand, it has also been recently discovered that a serious Eastern disease called berri-berri is caused by the use of rice from which the exterior coats have been removed; that is to say, which has undergone a process analogous to the fine "bolting" of our best wheaten flour; while if "unpolished" rice is eaten, this terrible complaint is practically never developed. Probably the effect of whole-wheat eating is similarly beneficial. At any rate, wheaten bread is a most nutritious food, and every crumb of it ought now to be used up, in some form or another.

Rye and wheat mixed, it is well to know, makes an even more nourishing loaf than pure wheat. The same American scientists who are quoted above (they are employed by the U.S. Government), found that the average wheaten loaf contains 9.3 of protein and 53.1 of carbo-hydrates, while rye-and-wheat bread contains 11.9 protein and 51.5 carbo-hydrates. Eaten with a little meat or cheese, and butter or other fat, perfect rations are obtained; and the cheese is just as nourishing as the meat, though less digestible. Rye bread, it seems, is very dark in colour, and has a taste of its own, that those who are accustomed to it like. To make our own bread is, when practicable, a counsel of economy. Dr. Hindhede, the expert of the Danish Government, gives a recipe for making mixed bread. He takes two pounds of bolted rye flour, three-quarters of a pound of wheaten flour, a pint and a-quarter of skimmed milk, half a spoonful of salt, and an ounce and a-half of yeast. The yeast is first rubbed down to a liquid with a teaspoonful of sugar, then mixed in the lukewarm milk, and kneaded into the flour with the hands till the smooth dough does not stick to the pan; it then stands to rise in a warm place for about an hour, is divided into loaves, put into tins to only half fill them, and left to rise again for about an hour and a-half, and then baked in an oven, hot at first, but lowered after ten minutes, for an hour. Whole-meal or ordinary white bread is, of course, made in much



AN EFFECTIVE WALKING-DRESS.

Of olive-green velours cloth, finely embroidered in gold thread. The fur trimming and muff are of chinchilla.

the same way. A good mixture is half a pound of warm mashed potatoes in every two pounds of wheat flour; this makes good toast, and rather cheapens the bread.

An interesting return has been made by the Board of Trade on the increased work of women in occupations that they have taken up to replace men. No return is possible of increased work in the homes in order to enable other women to go out to do the men's work. About 866,000 women and girls are now employed for wages over and above those who were at work immediately before the war. This does not include nurses, or domestic servants, or small dress-making establishments, or "out-workers," but deals only with those organised employments in which employers can be asked to make returns. The women replacing men, for instance, in brewing, number 10,000. On the railways, as clerks, porters, ticket-takers, cleaners, and in every other capacity, there were about 11,000 women employed before the war, and now about 33,000 are so engaged. About 40,000 women have directly replaced men as clerks in banks and commercial houses. In the cotton industry, which has always employed many women, no fewer than 25,000 more women are returned as directly filling the places of men who have been taken for the war.

By copious dilution of their staff with women and men exempt from military service, Burberrys have been able to perfect the arrangements for their 1917 Half-Price Sale, and to offer immense numbers of more than usually attractive bargains in weatherproof top-coats, gowns, hats, and suits. The sale, which opens on Jan. 1, includes both men's and women's garments of every kind and size, suitable for all occasions and pursuits. In addition to weatherproof overcoats of Burberrys' many exclusive designs and materials, there are a large number of gowns and completed suits—models which are still the height of fashion and likely to remain so. These are available in exhaustive varieties of texture, weight, colour, and patterns, which are uniformly beautiful and artistic. Much of the stock is to be sold at one half—and in some cases, at less than one half—current prices. Other portions are marked down to the very lowest figures that the cost of production justifies, which, owing to the scale of Burberrys' facilities for manufacture, are—quality for quality—by far the lowest that are usually quoted for large quantities in the same perfect condition. A post-card to Burberrys, Haymarket, London, S.W., asking for Sale List, will receive immediate attention.

Always an occasion of exceptional interest to good housewives and to all who appreciate the beauty and value of fine linens, whether for personal wear or use, or for household purposes, the winter sale at Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's Great Linen Hall, in Regent Street, is an event of which to take advantage. The quality of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver's goods is invariably of the highest, and their prices, always moderate, are tempting indeed with the reductions made for this sale. The sale commences on Monday, Jan. 1, and is so comprehensive that, even although a personal visit should be paid, a catalogue should be sent for. When handkerchiefs can be got from 1s. 4d. per dozen to 43s. 9d., it may be gathered that the range is very wide. The sale includes damask linen table-cloths, curtains, lingerie, robes, blouses, gloves, handkerchiefs, hosiery, laces, and all kinds of men's wear.

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Your Hair!
it is charming.

It preserves and beautifies the Hair, prevents it falling off or turning grey, and is specially recommended for Children's Hair. Also prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Bottles, 3/6; 7/-; 10/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND, & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

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Holders of 5 Royal Warrants. Est. 1851.

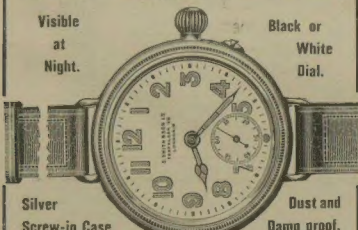
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No more Broken Watch Glasses! WHY???
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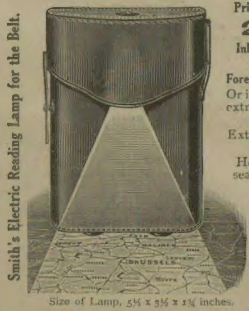
Black or
White
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Silver
Screw-in Case.

Dust and
Damp proof.

£3 30 Guaranteed Good Timekeeper Jewelled Lever Movement. £3 30



Smith's Electric Reading Lamp for the Belt.

Price Complete

20/-

Inland Postage,

6d. extra.

Foreign 1/- extra.

Or including one

extra bulb in

lid, 21/-

Extra batteries

1/6 each.

Hermetically

sealed in Tin

box.

Extra bulbs

1/- each.

Further par-

ticulars on

application.

Size of Lamp, 5 1/2 x 2 1/2 x 1 1/2 inches.

Grand Hotel Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.

West End Branch—68, Piccadilly, W.C.

Please write for Special Lists of Accessories for the Front.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S
WINTER SALE

Commences MONDAY, Jan. 1st,
and continues for Three Weeks.

Wonderful
Bargains in
High-Grade
Goods.



35 Dinner Frocks in various designs, of which sketch is an example, in fine quality pompadour silk taffeta.

Original prices 5½ and 6½ Gns.

Sale price 59/6

15 only. New Model Fur Coat in Seal dyed Musquash with dyed Skunk collar, lined rich brocade.

Season's price 29 Gns.

Sale price 25 Gns.

Model Teagown, with pleated charmeuse skirt, rich broche ribbon swathed to form bodice, and chiffon draperies in contrasting shades, finished gold tassels.

Sale price 7½ Gns.

Woollen Stockinette Sports Coat, as sketch, and in other styles, made from best materials in various colours, full fitting styles.

Usual prices 35/6 to 52/6

Sale price 21/-

Sale Catalogue post free.

These garments cannot be sent on approval.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE,
LIMITED,

VERE ST. and OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Some bed-linen
BARGAINS

from our January Sale Catalogue are given below. They represent splendid value for money. You can always depend upon the long-wearing qualities of linens manufactured by Robinson & Cleaver. Write for Sale list containing particulars of other bargains.

Linen Sheets.—2 x 3 yards, 27/-; 2½ x 3 yards, 29/11 per pair.

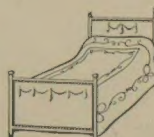
Linen Pillow Cases.—17½ x 28 ins., 22/6 and 29/- per dozen; 19 x 30 inches, 26/-, 32/-, 36/- per dozen; 22 x 32 inches, 29/6, 35/- per dozen.

Linen Bolster Covers.—19 x 54 ins., 3/6 each; 19 x 60 ins., 3/11 and 4/11 each.

Linen Pillow Cases with Frills.—17 x 28 ins., 29/- per doz.; 19 x 30 ins., 30/6 and 35/6 per doz.; 22 x 32 inches, 33/- and 43/- per dozen.

January Sale Catalogue sent post free on application.

Robinson & Cleaver,
LONDON. 40D Donegall Place LIVERPOOL.
BELFAST



We have still a few pieces of Unbleached Linen Damask, purchased before the advance in prices, and offer these until they are cleared.
60 ins. wide, 23 and 2½ per yard.
70 ins. wide, 29 per yard.



Signet Rings, Fob Seals,
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ENGRAVING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Artistic Designing & Best Workmanship
HERALDRY, ENGLISH & FOREIGN.
Memorial Brasses & Armorial Windows.

LEO CULLETON, 92, Piccadilly, London.



Pomeroy
Day Cream

A fragrant non-greasy cream, which can be applied, with most refreshing results, any time, any day. Absolutely pure, and nothing in it to encourage growth of superfluous Hair.

In dusty half-crown tins, at high-class Chemists, Perfumers, &c.

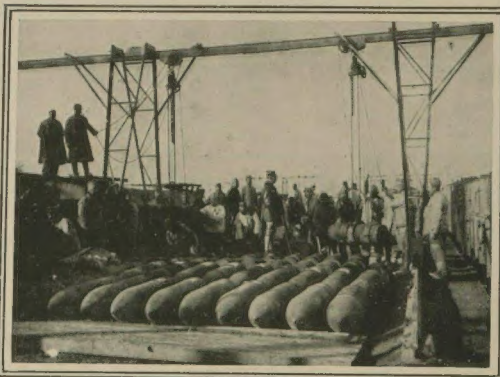
NEW NOVELS.

"The Letters of Two People in War-Time."

The opening letters of the two people in war-time would lead the reader to suppose that nothing more was about to develop than a rather stale story of passionate intrigue. It is, perhaps, expedient for the reviewer, therefore, to reveal that "The Letters of Two People in War-Time" (Eveleigh Nash) have a development, and a spirit, in keeping with the great tragedy Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox uses for their background. The setting, in fact, becomes the overwhelming interest, and the two people, who began with a surreptitious and selfish love-affair, end by sacrificing themselves on the altar of their country's service. The book gives Mr. Gordon Lennox the opportunity to show the St. John Ambulance at work in France. The veil is lifted on an obscure part of the organisation of the war—the lines of communication, by road and hospital, between the casualties in the field and their ultimate return to England. For this reason, if for no other, its record, embedded in the love-story of two headstrong young persons, should be widely read.

"The Lure of the Desert." A good Egyptian story, with romance and red sunsets, warms the cockles of the heart. One remembers "A Nile Novel"; but we have travelled a long way since then. Love in a dahabayah is not enough; there must be murder and mystery. Miss Kathlyn Rhodes fulfils all the conventions required by the present generation of novel-readers to perfection, and "The Lure of the Desert" (Hutchinson) is as good a story of Eastern subtlety as may be found on this year's bookshelf. Miss Rhodes has an excellent sense of the dramatic—so much so that we should not be surprised at finding "The Lure of the Desert" staged as high-class melodrama. As it is written, with a fine feeling for colour and character-study, it is a very good book, and the writer shows no little dexterity in the way she has handled her picturesque material. The young man who "heard the East a-calling" because his mother had been an Egyptian is not,

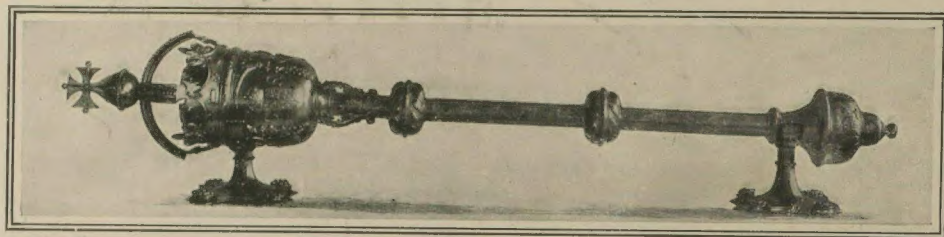
perhaps, altogether convincing; but his young wife, and Elise the French maid, and the magnificent, inscrutable Mirza Bey are very well done. Whether this is a story of the real Egypt,



AT A RAILHEAD ON THE SOMME FRONT: BIG SHELLS.

French Official Photograph.

or only of the novelist's Egypt, is another matter. In any case, it is a magic carpet for the time being, and we congratulate Miss Kathlyn Rhodes on having written it.



FOR THE CANADIAN HOUSE OF COMMONS: TO REPLACE THE MACE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The work of designing and manufacturing the Parliamentary Mace for the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, to take the place of the one destroyed in the fire of February last, was entrusted to the well-known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., who have carried out their task with notable skill and taste. The design is on similar lines to that of the English House of Commons mace. The head is in four panels, containing the following emblems: The Arms of the Dominion of Canada, the Rose for England, Harp for Ireland, and Thistle for Scotland; above each is the Royal Crown, and the initials G.R. are placed on either side. In the spaces above is shown the Beaver. The Head is surmounted by the Royal Crown, and beneath the arches are the Royal Arms of Great Britain and Ireland. The inscription is: "This Mace, replacing the original Mace of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada, destroyed by fire on February 17, 1916, was presented by Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London, and the Sheriffs of London, George Alexander Touche, Esq., M.P., and Samuel George Shead, Esq., June 1916."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE HAPPY FAMILY," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TRULY it is a "happy family" that is now to be found on the Prince of Wales's stage at matinees, and many should be the happy family gatherings in front during the holidays. The entertainment for young people which has been elaborated out of Mr. Cecil Aldin's drawings at once introduces us to a whole set of clever and cleverly trained children, and it devotes a full half of its length to animal impersonations. What more could its *clientèle* desire? If there are two things boys and girls relish in the theatre, they are watching other boys and girls act and in having the animal world humanised. They get both in "The Happy Family," where in one act a group of youngsters mimic, sing, and dance in a fashion worthy of any revue; while in the other, dogs, pigs, a cat, turkeys, cocks and hens, ducks, rabbits, disport themselves at the merriest of parties. And, as if all this were not enough, a trio of vivacious juveniles, two girls and a boy—the "family" proper—frolic through all the scenes, being supposed to have discovered in a chest of their antiquarian uncle's a passport which enables them to make the animals talk and share their festivities. It is but a thread of a story on which Cecil Aldin and Adrian Ross have hung their little play, but it serves, thanks to the dozen or more wonderful child-players they have managed to commandeer, and to the artist-author's animal designs, and Mr. Cuthbert Clarke's music. It would be a sheer injustice to single out performances in the case of the revue, children or younger animal impersonators where all are so good, but the names of Mimi Crawford, Fabia Drake, and Bertram Siem as the happy family may be mentioned; and it should be added that Mr. C. V. France and Mr. George Tawde are in the cast, the latter very amusing as a Scotch gardener who with spade and shovel dances a sword-dance.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have just issued an ingenious and artistic desk-mirror containing an almanack which can be adjusted each month as necessary, forming a useful Calendar.

JUBOL

Physiological Laxative.

The only agent that effects the functional "re-education" of the Intestine.

Constipation
Enteritis
Haemorrhoids
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Migraine

JUBOL

Cleanses the Intestine,
Prevents Appendicitis & Enteritis
Relieves Haemorrhoids,
Prevents Obesity,
Preserves the harmonious curves
of the figure.



Medical Reports:

Académie des Sciences
(Paris, June 28, 1909)
Académie de Médecine
(Paris, Dec. 21, 1909)

"There is no doubt about it, my dear friend. Your attack of Enteritis (Inflammation of the Bowels) is the inevitable result of taking too many purgatives, which effect a real 're-education' of your intestine, which is now suffering from the ill-effects of purgatives."

JUBOL, Price 5/- per box (complete course of six boxes, 25/6). Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Ph. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, Heppells, Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 104, Piccadilly, London, W., who can also be had, post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies," and "Treatise on Diet."

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MEDICAL OPINION:

"Several authorities have demonstrated the usefulness of the valuable properties possessed by URODONAL, and the necessity for its use in combating uric acid retention is now a medical axiom. I know a colleague who, at the end of every winter, was threatened with a nervous breakdown due to overstrain and consequent poisoning of the system by URODONAL, prices 5/- and 12/-. Prepared by J. L. Chatelain, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. Can be obtained from all chemists, or direct, post free, from the British Agents, HEPPILLS, Foreign Chemists, 104, Piccadilly, London, W., from whom can be obtained post free, the full explanatory booklets, "Scientific Remedies" and "Treatise on Diet."

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada. Agent in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A. Agent for Australia & New Zealand: BASIL KING, Walcott Bldg., Malcolm Lane, Sydney (Bus G.P.O. 2595). Sub-Agents for India, Burma and Ceylon: G. ATHERTON & CO., 8, Clive Street, Calcutta.



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Practise Economy—use

Pears' Soap

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES," by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28 in. by 19 in., containing no advertisement, sent on receipt of 1/- in stamps or P.O.—A. & F. PEARS, Ltd., New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Another Motoring Association? A movement is on foot for the establishment of yet another motoring association. It appears to be a revival of the scheme for an association devoted to the interests of the private owner-driver, which was initiated a couple of years before the war, and which came to nothing. One would have thought that the times were singularly inappropriate to the formation of new bodies such as this, but I suppose the promoters of the movement think they know what they are doing. So far as it is possible to discern, the movement has its origin in dissatisfaction with the policy of the existing bodies. These, it is said, have completely failed to carry out the work for which they are supposed to exist. They have allowed all matters of automobile legislation to go by default, and have neglected the interests of the motorist all along the line. They are no longer truly representative of the motoring interest, and it is time they were supplanted by some more up-to-date organisation. For my own part, I do not think much of the arguments that are advanced as reasons for the initiation of this new movement. Supposing that the motorists' interests have been neglected by the R.A.C. and the A.A. during the past two years—which I do not accept—it is very difficult indeed to see what they could have accomplished had they been ever so active.

What Could Have Been Done? Could they have diverted or modified the Government's motor-taxation measures? It is scarcely conceivable. Money has had to be found to carry on the war, and the motorist has had to yield his quota. True, there is the double incidence of taxation, to which I drew attention in this column recently, but that is receiving all the attention possible at the hands of the associations. Could the petrol situation have been averted or ameliorated if the associations had tackled it in earnest? I do not think so, because there are many considerations involved other than the "interests of the motorist." Again, could the activities of the Road Board have been maintained, and the money found for its work, through any pressure exerted by the motoring bodies? The idea is absurd on the face of it. So far as the work of these bodies during the period of the war is in question, I think it has been altogether admirable.

They have put the country before private interests, and therein I believe they have the whole-hearted approval of the great majority of their members. Had they determined to confine themselves to their "legitimate" activities they would have been able to accomplish literally nothing. By going outside them as they have done, they have been able to do a great work of national importance. How great and how important can only emerge when the war is over and the histories written.

Welcome the New Association. The new association—if it materialises—will be welcomed into the comity of motorism if it is conceived in a spirit of usefulness and mutual help. If those who are

Are We Short of Petrol?

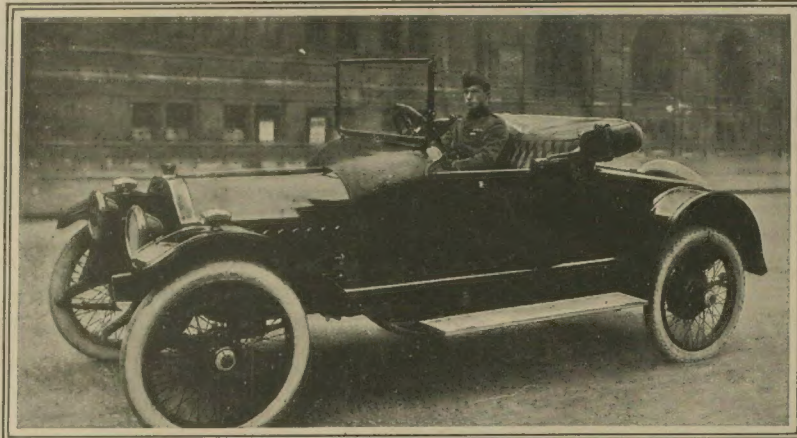
We are supposed to be suffering from a shortage of petrol, and I know many motorists who complain bitterly that they cannot obtain nearly enough to carry on with. But, to judge by the wanton waste that goes on, it would scarcely be thought that the supply was anything but normal. I wonder how many gallons a day are wasted in engines that are allowed to run "light," just because the driver is too lazy to undertake the work of re-starting? Last Saturday I happened to be at Waterloo Station, and on the rank were twenty-seven taxi-cabs, of which nineteen had their engines running. In sixteen cases the drivers were nowhere to be seen. I suppose this sort of thing goes on all round. If so, the waste must amount to a very considerable daily total. Perhaps the fact that the taxi-driver still buys his petrol at eightpence a gallon makes him a bit careless of its waste.

Road Scouts in The R.A.C. and the A.A. War Time.

sharply taken to task for continuing the "Scout" services on the main roads. In the first place, the matter is one that concerns these bodies themselves—it is a purely domestic matter which does not concern the outsider. In the second, I am assured that all the men who are thus employed are either over military age or have been discharged from the Services after "doing their bit." So that is all there is about it.

The Sunbeam According to the statement of accounts Year.

presented to the shareholders, the Sunbeam Company has not done at all badly in the past financial year. The directors' report states that the volume of business done during the year has been greater than in any previous year of the company's existence. Of course, by far the greater proportion of the business has been Government work—principally cars and aero-engines—and very little of the output has reached the private purchaser. From the latter's point of view, however, the experience gained will be bound to have a very favourable reaction on the company's product when the war is over. The shareholders receive the very satisfactory return of 15 per cent. for the current year. W. W.



AN INTREPID AIRMAN: CAPTAIN ALBERT BALL, ON AN OLDSMOBILE CAR.

Captain Ball, who is seen here on a handsome Oldsmobile car, is the officer who has been so successful fighting German airmen at the front. He has been brought down six times, fortunately without injury, but is said to have the bringing down of no fewer than twenty-nine enemy airmen standing to his credit. The Oldsmobile car is marketed by the Anzac Motor Company, Ltd., 78-82, Brompton Road, S.W.

behind it really believe that there is room for it, and are able to persuade the owner-driver that he needs it, well and good. If they think that the existing bodies do not properly represent their interests, they are entitled to their opinions and to constitute a society that will fill the gap. It is not for me to say that such a body is not required. But I do think it is in the worst of taste to accuse others of being false to their trust, simply because they have taken a large view of their responsibilities, to the apparent—not the real—neglect of the narrower issues.

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BEWARE OF Umbrellas made on Foreign Frames

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